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No Love Lost Between the Arnolds.

John Denton Champlin told an amusing story of Matthew Arnold and Sir Edwin Arnold. "Some years ago," he said, "when walking with Matthew Arnold on the banks of the little river Test, near Romsey abbey, conversation turned on Sir Edwin Arnold and 'The Light of Asia,' published four or five years previously. It is not necessary to enter into Mr. Arnold's opinion of the poem. During the conversation I took occasion to ask him if he were related to Sir Edwin. He paused a moment, as if shocked at the suggestion, and then said: 'No, we are not of kin. Indeed, I doubt if he had any right to the name of Arnold. I have been told that he is of Jewish descent.' A few weeks later I happened to meet Sir Edwin at a dinner in London and, prompted by, I hope, a not unpardonable curiosity, propounded a similar query to him. 'No,' he replied quickly, with what seemed a shade of asperity in his tone, 'I am not related to Matthew Arnold. We are of wholly different families.' Then, his face breaking into his peculiar smile, he added: 'Matthew Arnold is an intellectual dyspeptic. His brain does not digest properly.'"

"Maarifsh" River.

Maxwell Sommerville of the University of Pennsylvania spent nearly forty years of his life in oriental travel and study.

Professor Sommerville used sometimes to narrate the strange error that was once made by a French explorer he had known. This explorer had made a journey to Kairwan and had drawn a map of the country he passed through. The singular thing about this map was that the name "Maarifsh" appeared so many times on it. A river would be the Maarifsh river; a mountain would be Mount Maarifsh; a village, a lake, a valley, each would be called Maarifsh.

When Professor Sommerville saw this map he laughed.

"Don't you know," he said to the traveler, "what 'maarifsh' means in Arabic?"

"No," said the other. "What does it mean?"

"It means 'Don't know.'"

A Jealous Ape.

Sir Harry Johnston, the English explorer, once traveled on a ship with a pet ape. It was a great favorite with all the passengers until there came aboard at Madeira a lady with an infant. The latter received a good deal of attention and the ape in consequence became neglected and jealous. Sir Harry Johnston followed it on deck one day just in time to prevent a tragedy. The child had been left unguarded for a moment in its cradle. The ape had made for it, pulled it from the cradle and was in the act of throwing it overboard when the traveler pounced upon it. Says Sir Harry, "It would certainly have hurled it into the sea had not my arrival caused the gullible ape to drop the child on the deck and scramble away." The ape was relegated to a strong iron cage for the rest of that voyage.

Medical Use of Whisky.

Whisky as an alternative to wine may undoubtedly be employed medicinally with advantage in certain cases, both for men and for women. But this is very different from the constant

recommendation which is suggested, as if, indeed, doctors regard whisky as a sort of panacea for every disease under the sun, and take a perfect delight in urging its consumption upon their patients. As a matter of fact, there never was a time when medical men were more slow to prescribe the use of alcohol in any form than they are in the present day, nor a time when so many refrained from advising its use at all.—Hospital.

Queer Nest of the Tontobane.

The oddest of all birds' nests is the one built by the tontobane, a South African songster. It is built of cotton and always upon the tree producing the material. In constructing the domicile the female works inside and the male outside, where he builds a sentinel box for his own special use. He sits in the box and keeps watch or sings nearly all the time, and when danger comes in the form of a hawk or a snake he warns the family, but never enters the main nest.

Not Neglected.

"The art of letter writing is sadly neglected nowadays," said the man of literary taste.

"That remark," said his more practical friend, "shows that you haven't a son at college who is applying himself to showing you why his allowance ought to be increased."—Washington Star.

Nothing If Not Original.

Mrs. Smith—Have you named your twin girls, Lucy? Yessum; we's done name 'em "Flops'm" an' "Jeps'm." Powerful pooty names. Dave, my ol' man, he done got dem names outen de rivah colyum.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Jumping at a Conclusion.

Bragg—About a month ago I fell into a nice job as assistant manager, and the manager told me if I made good he'd raise my salary. Newitt—Is that so? What are you doing now?—Catholic Standard.

Wide Awake.

Passerby—I thought you were blind? Mendicant—Well, boss, times is so hard and competition is so great that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open nowadays if he wants to do any business at all.

A dog without a tail must feel as though he were in the deaf and dumb class.—Plano (Ill.) News.

Made His Own Jail.

Among the early Comstockers, the makers of Virginia City, Nev., were some of the toughest specimens of humanity loose in the world in those days, and perhaps the most primitive one in the lot was "Red Mike." The fellow appeared to be equipped only with brute instincts, but there was human intelligence of a sort in the back of his head, and he gave an exhibition of prudential forethought that would have been creditable to a wiser man. "Red Mike" was employed as bricklayer in the building of a jail, which was one of Virginia City's first and most imperative needs, and he thoughtfully omitted the mortar and laid a number of bricks dry and loose at several places in the wall.

In the natural order of things "Red Mike" committed a serious offense and was thrown into jail to await trial, for

even in the early days the Comstock usually tried a man before hanging him. The next morning the jail was empty. "Red Mike" had made a hole in the wall by taking out some of his own handiwork, and when he went out he took all the other prisoners with him.

Italy and the Evil Eye.

It is hard for us to realize the deadly significance to an Italian of the suggestion that one may have the evil eye. I was walking one day with a young American girl to whom I had been unfolding some of the tragedies I have known connected with the superstition. She took it all lightly and joyously, after the manner of her kind, and later, during our walk, when a saucy, tormenting beggar pursued us, she made the sign of the corni as I had described it to her, shaking the hand slightly, with the first and the fourth finger extended. Then the beggar became convulsed with anger and seemed almost beside herself, shrieking out such a torrent of abuse that we were glad to jump into a cab and fly from the wrath to come. The poor creature was not to be blamed; she knew that once the shadow of suspicion falls it means social excommunication, banishment outside the pale of whatever society one belongs to.—Century.

Peculiar Time Regulations.

Chatham Island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the south Pacific ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the few habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just on the line of the demarcation between dates. There at 12 noon on Sunday, Sunday ceases, and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his noonday dinner on Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes it.—London Globe.

The One Who Wasn't Whipped.

It was in a large school, and one of the boys had committed some grave infraction of discipline. The teacher announced that he would thrash the whole class if some one did not tell him who had committed the offense. All were silent, and he began with the first boy and thrashed every one in the class until finally he reached the last one. Then he said, "Now, if you will tell me who did this I won't thrash you." "All right, sir, I did it," was the reply.

Nortons Items.

J. W. Hewitt, our genial section foreman, is taking a few days rest, S. R. McCrum filling his position.

H. S. and A. L. Porter are erecting new dwellings on their ranches; quite an improvement to Nortons.

J. W. Hewitt took Sunday night's excursion for Albany and returned Monday evening.

Wm. Miller, our jolly merchant, made a flying trip to Corvallis this week.

J. W. Bryant and Fred Wagoner are expected to return from the chittam camps in Washington the latter part of this week. Suppose their widows will give them a hearty greeting.

Nortons has shipped three cars of Cascara this season and a number are being held for higher prices.

We are in need of a good teacher at present, having no applications as yet.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Warnock left the first of the week to attend the State Fair at Salem.

Sunday's excursion train struck and killed a two-year-old steer for M. Z. Edwards.

A. L. Porter is having a well sunk. Roy Hamar is doing the work. This is a good time to dig for water, it being so dry, if water is struck there will surely be plenty in the future.

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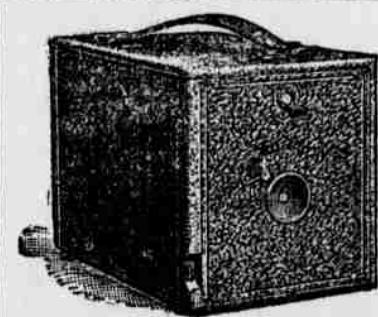
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September 5, 6, 7; October 3, 4, 5

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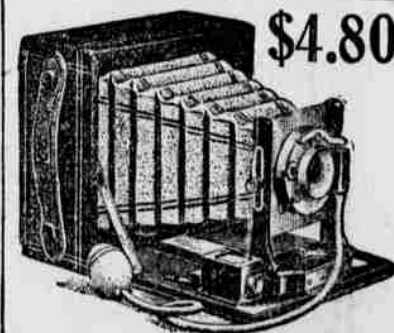
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